

Fals. You rogue, heere's lime in this sacke too, there is no-
thing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is
worle then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward.
Go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good
manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a
shotten herring: there lyes not three good men ynhang'd in
England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the
while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing
psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now, Wolfe, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings sonne: if I doe not beat thee out of thy kingdom
with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a
flock of wilde geese, ile neuer wear haire on my face more, you
Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeson round-man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? aunt were me to that, and
Poynesthere.

Poin. Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the
Lord, ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward: ile see thee damnde ere I call thee
coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could runne as
fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you
care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your
friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will
face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villain, thy lips are scarce wip't since thou druck'st last.

Fal. All is one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane
a thousand pound this day morning.

Prin. Where is it, lacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore
foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a douzen
of them two houres together. I haue scap't by myracle. I am
eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,
my

my buckler cut through and through, my sworde hack't like a
hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, al
would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake, if they
speake more or lesse then trueth, they are villains, and the sonnes
of darkenesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Refs. We foure set vpon some douzen.

Fal. Sixeteene, at least, my Lord.

Refs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I
am a Jew else, and Ebrew Jew.

Refs. As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set
vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All: I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with
fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or
three and fiftie vpon poore olde lacke, then am I no two leg'd
creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of the.
Two I am sure I haue paid, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tell
thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse:
thou knowest my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my
point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said, foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainly thrust at me;
I made me no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my
target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, enen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poynes. I, foure, in Buckrom suites.

Fal. Seuen, by these hiles, or I am a villaine else.

Prince. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

Fal. Doe'st thou heare me, Hal?

Prince.